

Facts, Fiction, Fashions and Features of Interest to Women

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

Just as important as food is play for children, and just as important as learning to eat correctly is learning to play correctly.

A number of years ago someone realizing that fact started the playground movement, and as all good things prosper and grow eventually the movement spread until not only such cities as New York and Chicago opened large parks for the children but even such small places as East Orange provided a well-equipped spot for the participation in games.

The playgrounds here, even though very small in comparison with those elsewhere, are in danger of losing their footing it seems. Can it be that there is a man or woman who does not believe in play for children? In Washington the yard space is so restricted that the kiddies very often have no place to be real children except in the street, which is not only dangerous, but hardly fair.

Not until I became a playground supervisor did I fully realize that such an institution is quite as necessary for rich and poor alike. My little fort was located on a beautiful boulevard in the heart of a Middle Western city, equipped with everything from a swimming pool to a baseball diamond, and volley ball court with swings and sand piles, and all of the other playground things thrown in. I noticed then that it was the pampered boy or girl who had never learned the law of the game, who couldn't enjoy it to its fullest. They had not been taught to work for gain. I can't believe there was a mother who sent her children down that summer who didn't welcome a better little sportsman into the fold that fall.

A Chapter.
Dear Miss Lee: I was recently introduced to a young man several years older than myself who has asked me twice to take dinner with him at his hotel. Both times I have refused, not because I do not like the young man but because my mother does not want me to go alone to a hotel with a man. I have gone with my older sister as chaperone several times but this young man does not seem to care about my refusing his invitations. What can I do?—SHEPHERD.

that your mother does not like for you to go to a hotel without a chaperone and ask him to come out to your home that evening instead. He will then, no doubt, include your chaperone in the invitation.

The next time the young man invites you to dine with him, say

Virginia Lee

Helene's Married Life

By MAY CHRISTIE
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XXVIII.—RETURNING MEMORY.

"Helene, when shall we marry?" asked Jim, suddenly. He sat up and caught me squarely by the shoulders. "What day shall it be? There's no earthly reason why we should wait until I am thirty. I want and need you so tremendously!"

I smiled. For this last was so like the theogonist of man! "Marriage?" I repeated, thinking of the oddness of the situation. "When, Jim? I am really going through a second ceremony." Or was it my duty now—at this crisis in affairs—to bring back to his memory all that had gone before?

From the last course I shrink. I was terrified to lose his love. And this second ceremony was so wonderful. "I just must have you, dearest," Jim was saying, with his lips on mine. "I can't wait."

"But you don't know me. You know so little about me," I remonstrated feebly. He flung his head back and gave a clear, boyish laugh.

"I know that everything about you is sweet and true and beautiful. Again he kissed me passionately. There are no words to express the utter admiration I have for you, Helene—and love."

"But—suppose I had a past?" The words were idiotic, but I had to say them. "A past?" Again, he laughed. "Helene, sweetheart, I trust you utterly. I know that there has been nothing in your young life that you could possibly wish to keep from me."

My heart sank at Jim's words. He trusted me so much. And I—I wasn't worthy of such confidence!

Tomorrow: Fears.

claimed, as though she had been born to its ironclad requirements. He watched her sometimes across the table when they dined with guests, a habit which Doris had become more and more insistent upon, until his evenings alone with her were a negligible number.

Gracious and graceful, sweet, exquisitely groomed, cool and poised as a marble statue, she presided at his table. From her well-coiffed hair to the tip of her satin slipper, she was a replica of the other women who broke bread with her. Except for her features, the color of her eyes and hair, they might have been all one mold. She looked and talked like them, and worst of all—in Doris' opinion—she was beginning to think like them. Even the manner in which she handled her fork was identical with theirs; the way she raised her glass, and drew her serviette across her lips was the brand, the trademark, the stamp of the melting pot from which they had all been turned out.

Sometimes when he sat alone before his fireside, the indomitable and self-sufficient Carrington knew the very depths of loneliness. Doris was rarely at home, and the demands of her clubs and charities and the purely social activities of the women of her world, and the children had graduated from a strictly efficient and scientific nursery to an equally efficient and efficient academy of knowledge.

The vision taunted him with the memory of his own desire and left in his practical heart the nearest approach to regret that life could expect of a Stewart Carrington.

For the woman who would come through the doorway and tarry for a brief moment by his fireside after a ball or a dinner or a charity tete-a-tete was a different being. Slim and cool and fashionable, she would stand before him with a sumptuous evening wrap slipping from her smooth white shoulders and her eyes would rest upon him without tenderness, when she bid him a formal good night.

Sometimes he would reach out and draw her down on the arm of his chair, at the risk of crushing a gown whose expense he never questioned in these days, but he could feel her rigid and unyielding in every line of her soft body under her insistent hand. The cheek he drew against his own suffered the familiarity, and her lips were cool and motionless as the petals of a flower under his caress.

It was then that the word "retribution" which Doris had pronounced so simply, would recur to him and he would sigh and let her slip, without too great haste, from his arms.

THE END.

Daily Horoscope

This is read as an unfavorable day, for while Jupiter is in benefic aspect early in the day, Saturn, Uranus and Mars all are strongly adverse.

The New Moon of this date is a partial eclipse of the Sun, falling on the cusp of the twelfth house attended by Mercury and Venus. It is most favorable for hospitals and other large institutions, bringing them financial benefit.

Again the signs are menacing to the railways, indicating strike troubles and disasters.

The opposition of Uranus and Saturn from the fourth house is read also to foreshadow mining strikes and other labor complications.

Mars is in an aspect read as giving warning of cruelty to children. Cases will be uncovered that will start sweeping reforms in asylums and bring about much agitation regarding the penalty the innocent pay for illegitimacy.

Danger of an infectious epidemic that affects both children and adults is foreseen. Cities should be put in a sanitary condition, for the summer will be extremely warm.

The position of Uranus is menacing to those who bear the responsibilities of government. The king of England as well as men at the head of republics may meet serious problems.

Jupiter gives promise of increasing demand for workers and much production, but there will be many difficulties over wage demands.

A mining disaster is threatened, but it may not be in the United States, even though it has an effect on this country.

This day's eclipse of the Sun, which will not be visible here, falls in the third decan of Taurus. This is read as likely to produce famine and pestilence in different parts of the world.

Persons are warned to prepare for a long period of excessive heat that will greatly increase the percentage of illness.

Children may suffer much during the summer when the poor will need milk and delicate foods.

Persons whose birthdate it is should avoid changes of any sort as they may not be fortunate. Those who are employed should be careful.

Children born on this day may be unsettled and restless. They are likely to be artistic and not lucky in business.

IS THIS YOUR TYPE?

By MARIE LARQUE.
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The Spanish woman has long been noted for her beautiful form—which is ideally slender and at the same time perfectly developed. Likewise is the woman of Spain, especially the pure blooded Castilian, renowned for her foot, with its high and graceful arch. The charm of her face lies in the fire of her eyes and the dark rich coloring that appeals strongly to more northern races and seems to indicate to them greater ardor and depth of feeling. The French net and dark-eyed themselves seem to be especially willing to praise the beauty of the Spanish woman.

Eugene Sue in "Gluttony," describes a character called Dolores, who, he says, united in herself the rare and bewitching perfection of Spanish beauty. Hair of blue-black, which when uncoiled, dragged upon the floor, a pale complexion warmed by the sun of the South, large eyes, by turns full of fire and languid sweetness, a little mouth as red as the bud of a pomegranate steeped in dew, a delicate and voluptuous form, tapering fingers, and an Andalusian foot and ankle completed her list of charms. As to the exquisite grace of her figure and gait, one must, to have any idea of it, have seen the undulating movements of the beautiful sonoras of Seville or Cadiz.

Benjamin Disraeli, the British statesman, was none the less a devotee of the charms of the Spanish woman. In a letter to his mother written from Spain he says: "Their charm consists in their sensibility; each incident, every person, every word touches the far eye of a Spanish lady, and her features are constantly reflecting the creed of Mohammed, and proving that she has a soul, but there is nothing harsh or forced about her. She is extremely unaffected, and not at all French. Her eyes gleam rather than sparkle, she speaks with quick vivacity but in sweet tones, and there is in all her carriage, particularly when she walks, a certain dignified grace which never leaves her, and which is very remarkable."

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Fashionable Nancy

The bell in the flat kitchen whirled. Vivienne hurried to press the latch button.

"Stay here!" said the girl. "I will meet him in the hall."

Townsend, looking like a Spanish grandee in his light tweeds, Panama hat and curling black mustache, came up the stairs three at a time. He stopped at the sight of Hartley and looked foolish.

"Go back," said Hartley, firmly pointing downstairs with his forefinger.

"Hullo!" said Townsend, feigning surprise. "What's up? What are you doing here, old man?"

"You're doing here, old man?" "Stay here!" said the girl. "I will meet him in the hall."

"I came here to see a plumber about the bathroom connections," said Townsend, bravely.

"All right," said Hartley. "You shall have that lying plaster to stick upon your traitorous soul. But, go back."

Townsend went downstairs, leaving a bitter word to be wafted up the draught of the staircase. "Vivienne," said he, masterfully. "I have got to have you. I will take no more refusals or dilly-dallying."

New Tailored Silk Suit To Have Sleeveless Coat



By CORA MOORE.
New York Fashion Authority.

A timely suggestion for a tailored suit of youthful model is Vivienne Segal's suit of Newport cord worn in "The Little Whopper."

The skirt is fashioned with a series of pleats. At the sides, these pleats meet to form an inverted box-pleat, with the edges that form it bound with silk braid of the suit shade—a soft gray. A row of covered buttons holds the pleats together.

The loose, hip-length coat, with its square-cut fronts and slightly longer panel-back, is sleeveless, although there is a little vest of the same material that has sleeves attached to it that can be worn when desired. The coat is collarless, but the blouse designed for it provides for a collar and also the sleeves when the vest is not included. A long, wide Windsor tie that falls to the knees is an interesting feature, as also are the sleeves, which are bagged over very tight wristbands.

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Hartley cringed as if from an unexpected blow. He folded his arms and paced the carpet once or twice.

"She shall go," he declared grimly. Drops stood upon his brow. "Why should I let that woman make my life miserable? Never have I seen one day of freedom from trouble since I have known her. You are right, Vivienne. Heloise must be sent away before I can take you home. But she shall go. I have decided. I will turn her from my doors."

"When will you do this?" asked the girl.

Hartley clinched his teeth and bent his brows together. "Tonight," he said, resolutely. "I will send her away tonight."

"Then," said Vivienne, "my answer is 'yes.' Come for me when you will."

He looked into his eyes with a sweet, sincere light in his own. "I will send her away tonight."

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What's in a Name?

By Mildred Marshall.

ELSIE.

From a casual survey, it seems almost incredible that Elsie and Adelaide should be practically the same name. Yet such is the case, since Elsie is the last and most contracted English form of popular Adelaide.

Signifying "noble cheer," Elsie has its source in the old Teutonic prefix "Aethel" or Adel, meaning noble. Adelheit was one of the first feminine names formed from it and was much in use among the daughters of Frankland. Adelheid, another form, named many of the feudal princesses of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Adelaide is the French and English version.

Elsie is the seventh step in the succession of the English favorite. It is reached through Adelina, Adeliza, Adela, Alice, Alicia. No other country has ever used it, except Germany, which has an old form, Elise, very popular among the peasants. In this country, however, Elsie is a distinct name, free of all previous association with Adelaide or its other immediate predecessors.

Malachite is Elsie's lucky stone. It is an Egyptian gem, which, to be lucky, should be engraved with an image of the sun. For Elsie it promises peace and protection from all evil. It is likewise a cure for insomnia and according to old superstition, is particularly lucky for children, giving them sound sleep and immunity from disease if attached to their cradles. Tuesday is Elsie's lucky day, and 6 her lucky number.

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CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS
UNCLE WIGGILY AND BUDDY'S BUSTER.

"You ought to be very careful today, Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, as the bunny gentleman started out of his hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"Why?" asked Mr. Longears, pinkling his twink nose backward for a change.

"Because," answered the muskrat lady housekeeper, "I seem to feel as if something would happen to you."

So Uncle Wiggily hopped on and on, looking for an adventure and all of a sudden, he heard in the woods just ahead of him a terrible thumping, pounding, hammering, crashing, banging, smashing noise.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the bunny uncle, looking for a hollow tree in which to hide. "Nurse Jane was right! Something dreadful is going to happen!"

The handling noise kept up, and Uncle Wiggily was just going to crawl under a pile of leaves and make believe he was an angle worm, when he saw something moving behind a bush—it was something with a long club.

But just as Uncle Wiggily was pulling the dried leaves over his head he heard a jolly laugh. "Alligators don't laugh that way!" said Mr. Longears. He looked out from under the leaves and there he saw Buddy, the guinea pig boy, all speckled brown and black and white.

"Oh, Buddy! I'm glad it's you," said Uncle Wiggily, as he crawled out from under the leaves. But what was that terrible smashing, cracking sound?

"That was my buster," answered Buddy.

"My buster?" went on the guinea pig boy. "It's a big, strong club I picked up in the woods, and it busts everything I hit with it. I busted a lot of empty bottles, and I busted some empty tin cans, and I busted an old box I saw, and I busted down a lot of weeds and I busted—"

"My club is a good buster, anyhow," said Buddy. "Is there anything you were cracked or broken or busted, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Thank you, not now," answered the bunny gentleman.

So the two friends walked together over the fields and through the woods. Buddy was looking for something to crack with his buster club, when, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes and out jumped the old Pipsit-wab.

"Now for some souse!" howled the bad chap. "You have fooled me often enough, Uncle Wiggily! This time I shall nibble your ears!"

"Oh, please don't!" begged the bunny.

"Yes, I shall," snickered the Pip. And he was just going to grab Uncle Wiggily by the ears when, all of a sudden, Buddy raised his buster club and cried:

"Oh, I see something fine to crack! It's an old flower pot right behind the Pip! He cracked his club and brought it down—'whack!' on the ground."

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THE HEAD NURSE SAYS:

Of Vital Resistance.

When all parts of the body work equally well and there is no special weakness of any organ, the individual possessing them may be said to have "vital resistance." This means the capacity to endure hardship and to struggle for continued existence.

In the strong this capacity is very great; in the weak it is small. Every human being must have more or less of it in order to survive. It is that elastic quality which enables the body to withstand the extremes of heat and cold; of underfeeding and overfeeding; the attacks of germ diseases and the extremes of fast living and overwork.

When we point with pride to some member of the community whose health continued despite all indiscretions, we are holding no brief for the indiscretion, but for that person's vital resistance. The man with but frail vital resistance is coolly if he tries to do the same thing.

Having by experience sized up your own capacity, be guided by it. Build up your weak points and cease to put too much pressure on yourself, or you will reach that point where there is no further resistance to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." This state of affairs should not occur before the allotted three-score years and ten.

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Sunday School Session Ends.

Martinsburg, W. Va., May 17.—The Regional Sunday School Convention, in session here since Friday, closed last night, and today the officers of the West Virginia Sunday School Association left for Moundsville, W. Va., where another three-day Regional Convention will be held. Next year's convention will be held at Charleston.

The Belgian government will electrify its railways, beginning with the lines from Brussels to Antwerp, Luxembourg and Ostend.

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April 10.....	18.80	
April 17.....	20.31	
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